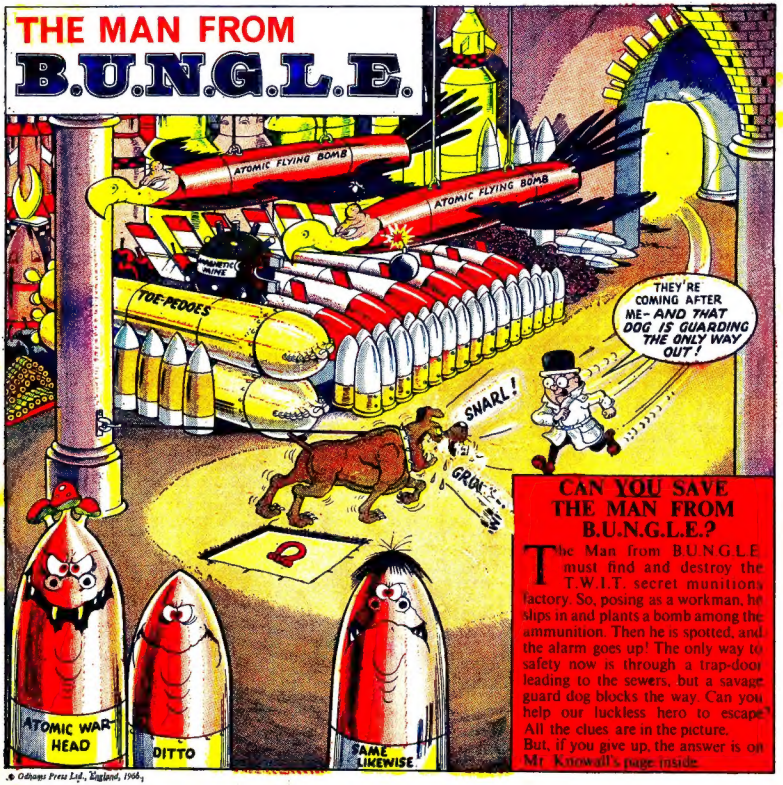
HERE IT IS! THE PAPER WITH THE INCREDIBLE HULK!

7d

SMASH!

No. 18
4th JUNE 1966
EVERY TUESDAY

THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.



CAN YOU SAVE THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.?

The Man from B.U.N.G.L.E. must find and destroy the T.W.I.T. secret munitions factory. So, posing as a workman, he slips in and plants a bomb among the ammunition. Then he is spotted, and the alarm goes up! The only way to safety now is through a trap-door leading to the sewers, but a savage guard dog blocks the way. Can you help our luckless hero to escape? All the clues are in the picture.

But, if you give up, the answer is on Mr Knowall's page inside.

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IT'S THE RUBBER MAN!

THE MOST **ASTONISHING** ADVENTURER IN FICTION HISTORY HAS SAVED SCIENTY'S LIFE... AND NOW FINDS HIMSELF MATCHED AGAINST **THE BRUTE!**

DESTROY HIM, BRUTE! CRUSH THE LIFE FROM HIM!

'BRUTE' IS JUST ABOUT THE RIGHT NAME FOR HIM, TOO! I'VE NEVER SEEN A TOUGHER-LOOKING MERCHANT!

SOMETHING LIKE TWIN BATTERING-RAMS SLAM RUBBERMAN'S HANDS APART...

WOW! AND HE'S EVEN TOUGHER THAN HE **LOOKS!**

JONAS SLEECH CACKLES AS THE BRUTE CLOSES IN...

YOUR STRANGE ABILITIES WON'T HELP YOU NOW, MEDDLER. THE BRUTE COULD CRUSH THE HULL OF A TANK WITH THOSE ARMS.

AAAHHH! EVEN A RUBBERMAN HAS TO **BREATHE!** AND THIS HUMAN MONSTER'S MAKING IT DIFFICULT!

RUBBERMAN'S LEGS BEND—THEN **S-T-R-E-T-C-H...**

I'LL TRY AND **JERK** HIM LOOSE!

HUUHH?

THEN...

I'LL BET YOU'VE NEVER HAD ANOTHER **BOUNCER** PULL **THIS** TRICK ON YOU, BRUTUS!

AAHH!

BUT RUBBERMAN **BOUNCES** A LITTLE TOO FAR...

QUICK! GIVE ME A HAND WITH THE PROFESSOR, BRUTE!

THWACK

THEY'VE GOT THE PROFESSOR!

IF WE'RE TO HAVE **THAT** GUY AFTER US, YOU NEED TO BE EVEN **STRONGER,** BRUTE. WE'LL HEAD FOR THE PROFESSOR'S LABORATORY. AND TAKE HIM WITH US IN CASE WE NEED HIM FOR MORE EXPERIMENTS!

RUNNING IS **NOT** THE FASTEST METHOD OF MOVEMENT FOR A RUBBERMAN...

IF THEY SEE ME, THEY MAY HARM THE PROFESSOR. SO I'LL JUST KEEP A FEW **JUMPS** BEHIND THEM!

FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER...

HE'S DOWN THERE! HE FOLLOWED US—AND JUMPED OVER THE WALL!

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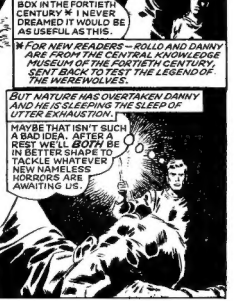
HERE HE COMES! AND WE'RE READY FOR HIM!
I'VE TANGLED WITH THAT BIG APE BEFORE AND LICKED HIM. AND I CAN DO IT AGAIN!
AS RUBBERMAN LEAPS INTO THE ROOM...
NOW, BRUTE! GIVE IT TO HIM!
SOMETHING INVISIBLE MAKES RUBBERMAN STAGGER...
THAT'S IT! HIT HIM WITH THE STRENGTH-RAY!
NO! IT'S SWITCHED ON TO THREE-QUARTER POWER! IT WILL BLOW A HUMAN BEING APART!
BUT...
IT'S NOT HAVING ANY EFFECT ON HIM! WE'LL GIVE HIM FULL POWER!
THE MACHINE! IT WON'T TAKE SUCH A RAPID STEP-UP!
THE WHINE OF THE RAY MACHINE RISES TO SCREAMING PITCH. THEN...
I KNEW IT! I KNEW IT!
IT'S EXPLODED!
I'LL DEAL WITH YOU FIRST, BRUTUS!
WHAT'S HAPPENED TO HIM? HE'S WEAKER THAN A KITTEN!
THE STRENGTH RAY HAS DESTROYED THE MOLECULAR STRUCTURE. I BUILT UP IN HIM! HE HAS LOST EVERY BIT OF HIS POWER!
SUDDENLY, WOOD RIPS LIKE PAPER...
L-L-L-OOOOK!
SLEECH! HE'S GOT ALL THE STRENGTH THE BRUTE ONCE HAD — AND MORE!
MUCH, MUCH MORE, PROFESSOR! NOT ONLY AM I INVINCIBLE... BUT UNLIKE THAT SAPPED ANIMAL, I HAVE A BRAIN TO MATCH MY NEW STRENGTH!
IT'S TRUE, SMASHERS! LITTLE SLEECH IS PACKED WITH THE MONSTROUS, EVIL POWER OF AN ATOM BOMB — TO EXPLODE IN SMASH NEXT WEEK!

BAD PENNY

ONE PENNY 1966

KNOCK!
KNOCK!
GUIRD! IT'S PENNY AGAIN — SHE'S USING IT TO KNOCK ON PEOPLE'S DOORS!
HERE! GIVE ME THAT!
COLUMBS!
YOU BIG CHILD! AT YOUR AGE — KNOCKING ON DOORS!
B-B-B-BUT—
NAUGHTY OLD DAD — KNOCKING ON DOORS AT YOUR AGE! HEE! HEE! HEE!
MAYBE I'LL GET MY BUTTONS SEWN ON NOW — AND GET MY TROUSERS BACK ON!
WHERE'S THE PIN-CUSHION NOW? IT ISN'T HERE
MUM'S WORKBOX
AIEEE!
STAB!
STAB!
STAB!
H'MM — DAD'S FOUND THE PIN-CUSHION — JUST WHERE I LEFT IT!
I GIVE UP! I'LL NEVER GET MY TROUSERS ON TODAY! IT'S USELESS!
SNIGGER!
NO! NO! DAD DOESN'T NEED HIS BRACES NOW!
BAH! NOW I KNOW WHY SCOTSMEN WEAR KILTS — I'LL BET THEIR DAUGHTERS ARE A BAD LOT, TOO!

ROLLO STONES AND DANNY CHARTERS...



AND SO, AFTER NURSING THE WOOD INTO A SMALL BLAZE, ROLLO ALSO STRETCHES OUT.
THIS IS NO TIME FOR SLEEPING! —IS THAT WHAT YOU ARE THINKING, DEAR READER? BUT THEN THE ACHING WEARINESS OF BODY AND SPIRIT THAT OVERPOWERS A MAN BESET ON ALL SIDES BY EVIL AND DEADLY DANGER IS SOMETHING YOU HAVE NEVER KNOWN, AND, LET US PRAY, YOU NEVER SHALL!
OUTSIDE, A PALE MOON STRUGGLES TO FORCE ITS WAN LIGHT THROUGH THE CHILL MIST THAT SHROUDS DEATH CASTLE LIKE A DAMP CLOAK.
THE MAN WHO NAMED THAT CASTLE NAMED IT WELL. THE SHARPEST OF EARS WOULD STRAIN IN VAIN TO DETECT ANY SOUND COMING FROM ITS GRIM WALLS. NOT EVEN THE FAINTEST GLIMMER OF LIGHT SEEPS FROM WINDOW OR DOOR. AND THE VERY FOREST SEEMS PETRIFIED IN A NIGHT WITHOUT END.
BUT THE LONGEST NIGHT MUST PASS. A HESITANT DAWN COMES AT LAST TO LIGHTEN THE EASTERN SKY WITH COLD GREY LIGHT...
... AND THEN A RAY FROM THE RISING SUN DARES TO LIGHTLY TOUCH DEATH CASTLE WITH A GOLDEN FINGER.
IN THE VAULT OF THE VAMPIRES, A TERRIBLE SOBBING SCREAM IS SUDDENLY TORN FROM THE THROATS OF THE MARBLE-PALE CREATURES...
AAA-A-A-A-A-A-A-A-H-H-H!!
THE ECHOES OF THAT AWFUL CRY ROUSE ROLLO AND DANNY FROM THEIR SLUMBER.
THAT SOUND! WHAT WAS IT?
IT CAME FROM ABOVE!
ONCE... TWICE... THREE TIMES, THE TERRIBLE SCREAM IS REPEATED. AND THEN ALL IS SILENCE.
ROLLO! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
FROM THIS SILENCE I WOULD JUDGE THERE IS NOW NO MORE TO FEAR FROM ABOVE. BUT I MUST KNOW WHAT HAS HAPPENED!
THE MASSIVE SLABS OF MARBLE THAT ARE THE LIDS OF THE TOMBS CREAK OPEN.
AUGH! THE AIR IS ALMOST UNBREATHABLE WITH THE SMELL OF DECAY!
THOSE CREATURES HAVE VANISHED. JUST THEIR CLOTHES REMAIN, FILLED WITH THIS FOUL-SMELLING DUST!
THINK I CAN GUESS WHAT HAS HAPPENED...
A VAMPIRE CAN SURVIVE FOR CENTURIES, PROVIDED IT SPENDS ALL THE HOURS OF DAYLIGHT IN ITS TOMB AND EMERGES ONLY AT SUNSET. BUT IT MUST RETURN TO ITS TOMB BY SUNRISE!
THESE CREATURES WERE UNABLE TO DO THIS. AND SO THIS DUST IS ALL THAT REMAINS OF THEM!
More over the page—

WE KNOW THERE IS NO WAY OUT OF THIS CHAMBER. IF WE ARE TO ESCAPE, THIS IS OUR ONLY HOPE.
THEY DROP BACK TO THE SPOT WHERE THEY HAD SLEPT.
THIS APPEARS TO BE SOME SORT OF TUNNEL.
AND WE HAVE NO CHOICE OTHER THAN TO SEE WHERE IT TAKES US.
AND NOW LET US LOOK ONCE MORE INTO THE CHAMBER HIGH IN DRACA'S CASTLE, WHERE COUNT CADAVO PRESIDES OVER THE ASSEMBLY OF THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE EVIL FIVE.
NOTHING TO SAY, MY FRIENDS? EACH OF YOU WAS SURE YOU COULD BREAK THE SPIRIT OF THESE TWO MEN... BUT ONE BY ONE YOU ARE DEFEATED BY THEM. NECRO THE SORCERER — YOU WERE THE FIRST TO FAIL. THEN YOU, BALBIN, PRINCE OF THE TROLLS. AND NOW YOU, DRACA OF THE BATS!
A VOICE LIKE THE GRATING OF A RUSTY THUMBSCREW INTERRUPTS CADAVO'S MOCKING TONES.
YOU FORGET, COUNT. THESE TWO ADVENTURERS HAVE YET TO MEET LOVE, THE TORTURER, AND THE MAN WHO CAN WITHSTAND THE VARIETY AND INVENTION OF MY TORTURE-CHAMBER HAS YET TO BE BORN!
ALREADY THEY APPROACH MY PROVINCE. I GO NOW TO RECEIVE THEM IN PERSON!
AND WHAT OF ROLLO AND DANNY? SHADOWS DANCE EERILY UPON THE WALLS AS THEY TREAD CAUTIOUSLY ALONG THE WINDING TUNNEL. AND THEN... IT HAPPENS! THE EARTHEN FLOOR SEEMS TO OPEN!
AAH!
FOR LONG DRAGGING SECONDS THEY DROP HELPLESSLY THROUGH SPACE.
...TO LAND WITH A FORCE THAT THREATENS TO CRACK THE ANCIENT FLAGSTONES UPON WHICH THEY FALL.
AND AS ROLLO CLUTCHES IN VAIN AT HIS SWIMMING SENSES, THE LAST VISION HE HAS IS THAT OF A PLACE THAT PROMISES A WELCOME HOME TO BE FEARED THAN DEATH ITSELF!
WE'RE NOT SAYING THAT NEXT WEEK'S RATION OF ROLLO IS THE GREATEST PICTURE-STORY INSTALLMENT EVER WRITTEN AND DRAWN. BUT IF THERE EVER WAS A BETTER ONE IT FLUNKED BY US SO QUIETLY THAT WE NEVER NOTICED IT!

MEET....

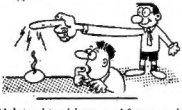
Mister Knowall

He knows everything there is to know about everything—and he's here to show you what a load of laughs it is to be a Knowall, too!

MAGNETIC FINGER

LIGHTLY roll up a narrow strip of silver-paper and balance it on an egg. The trick now is to knock it off the egg without touching it, blowing it or jerking the table. When everyone has failed, walk towards the egg holding out your finger to the silver paper. Watch your mates faces as the paper spins round and falls off!

The secret is that, as you walk, you rub your feet lightly on the carpet. Friction generates electricity, your fingers become charged enough to attract the silver paper!



Ask a pal to pick any card from a pack and to memorize it, without showing it to you. Cut the pack, and tell him to replace his card on top of the pile left on the table. Shuffle, then turn the cards face up, one at a time. When you arrive at the chosen card you will be able to give it to him. Here's the trick. When you cut the pack, memorize the bottom card of the pile you lift off. This card will, of course, go ON TOP of the card your pal replaces in the cut pack! See?

Musical Straws

Ever tried playing a tune on a drinking straw? It can be done, and here's how . . .

Flatten one end of a straw, and snip off the corners with scissors. Put this flat end between your lips and blow. The sound it makes will surprise you.

Halve the straw with scissors and blow again, and you'll get a higher pitched note.

If you push another straw into the end of your 'flute', you'll produce a deeper sound—something like a mooing cow.

You can imitate an American police siren by fitting a glass tube over your straw, to play it like a trombone.

But the stunt to really earn your friends' applause is to play a scale. Do this by giving a sustained blow into your straw while snipping bits from it.

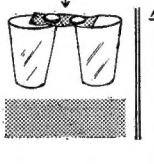
COIN CAPER

If you raised a few gasps of surprise with that coin-balancing trick on a glass last week—here's how you can DOUBLE it.

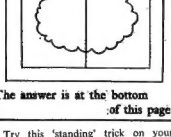
Cut a strip of paper about 9 inches long and an inch wide and place it across TWO glasses. Now balance a penny on the rim of each glass as shown in the drawing.

Your pals will be really stumped when you ask them to take away the paper LEAVING BOTH PENNIES BALANCED ON THE RIMS.

The trick is to strike the centre of the paper sharply with a pencil. The paper will fall away, leaving the pennies where they are.



Can you draw this picture of a tree in a hedged field, without going over any line twice?



The answer is at the bottom of this page.

Try this 'standing' trick on your mates—when you've tried it for yourself first, of course.

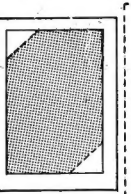
Stand facing a wall, with toes TOUCHING the wall. Then take three steps back, but the steps must be toe to heel each time. Now bend forward until your forehead touches the wall, then clasp your hands behind your back at WAIST LEVEL.

Now, without unclasping your hands, try to stand upright again. If you can do it without overbalancing you are in splendid physical shape. You'll be surprised how difficult it is!

4–2=6?

Challenge anyone to take *two* from *four* and made *SIX!* They'll say it's impossible, until you prove them wrong like this !—

Take an oblong slip of paper, and cut off *TWO* corners as shown by the dotted lines. Now your paper has *SIX* corners!



Eskimos in Alaska have taken to keeping their food in refrigerators. That way the food doesn't freeze too hard!

If you add one letter at the beginning and one letter at the end of each of these words, you will have the names of 10 insects.

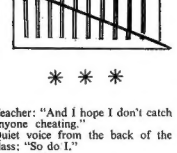
.OT. .EETL. .AS. .RICKE.
.L. .UTTERFL. .NA. .E. .N.
.RASSHOPPE.

MISSING MATCH

Cut out a strip of white card about five inches long by one and a half inches wide, and on this carefully draw eleven matchsticks, as shown here. The match figures must be all the same height, thickness and distance apart.

Now draw a diagonal line from the top corner on the left of the card to the bottom corner of the right. This line should just clear the top of the first match and the bottom of the last. Cut along the line and put the two halves on the table together. There are eleven matches. Now, move the upper part of the card along one stage, as shown in the illustration, and again count the matches. There are only *ten*. Where has the eleventh match gone?

Thanks to Sammy McIntyre of Co. Antrim for this puzzler.

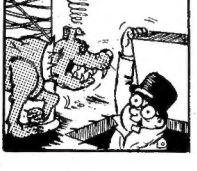


* * *

Teacher: "And I hope I don't catch anyone cheating."
Quiet voice from the back of the class: "So do I."

THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.

Remaining just beyond the dog's reach, our agent runs round and round the pole, chased hotly by the howling hound. This causes the animal's leash to wind round the pole, making it shorter and shorter, until B.U.N.G.L.E. can safely escape through the trap-door.



* *

MAGIC CUBE

ASK someone to write their initials with a pencil on a lump of sugar. Lightly lick your thumb while he's doing this. When you take the sugar-lump to see if he's done it properly, press your wet thumb against the initials written on it. Now drop the sugar lump into a glass of water and tell your victim that if he holds his hand over the glass, the initials he has written on the sugar will magically appear on the palm of his hand.

Guide his hand over the glass—at the same time PRESSING YOUR THUMB which you pressed against the initialled sugar, into his palm. He'll never notice, but when he takes his hand away from the glass THOSE INITIALS WILL BE CLEARLY PRINTED ON HIS PALM!

Thanks to Richard White of Pitton, nr. Salisbury for this clever trick.

10/- for Knowalls

Perhaps you know a trick or something that's fun to make or do. If so, send it on a postcard to Mr. Knowall at the address below. If it's printed, you win 10/-. But, remember, it must be your own idea and not copied from somewhere else.

My favourite feature in SMASH is:

.....

The Feature I don't like is:

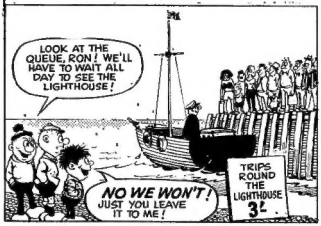
.....

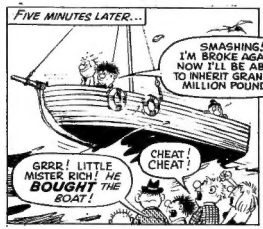
My age is: .....

To: Mr. Knowall, SMASH,

64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

RONNIE RICH


LOOK AT THE QUEUE, RON! WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT ALL DAY TO SEE THE LIGHTHOUSE!
TRIPS ROUND THE LIGHTHOUSE 3d
NO WE WON'T! JUST YOU LEAVE IT TO ME!


FIVE MINUTES LATER...
SMASHING! I'M BROKE AGAIN! NOW I'LL BE ABLE TO INHERIT GRANNIE'S MILLION POUNDS!
GRRR! LITTLE MISTER RICH! HE BOUGHT THE BOAT!
CHEAT! CHEAT!

ROUND WE GO! YIPPEE! WHAT A SMASHING LIGHTHOUSE!
ZOOM

276 TRIPS ROUND THE LIGHTHOUSE LATER...
HELP! THE STEERING'S JAMMED!
WE'RE GOING ROUND AND ROUND!
WAA! I'M GETTING DIZZY!
PHEW! THANK GOODNESS! WE RAN OUT OF PETROL!
LET'S SEE IF THE LIGHTHOUSE-KEEPER CAN HELP US!

YOU'LL HAVE TO STAY UNTIL TOMORROW, KIDS. ANOTHER BOAT DOESN'T COME UNTIL THEN!
COO! I CAN MAKE SHADOW FIGURES WITH MY HANDS! I KNOW HOW WE CAN PASS THE TIME!

THAT NIGHT...
HEE-HEE! BET THIS GIVES SOMEONE A FRIGHT!
TWIDDLE!

ON THE SEAFRONT...
AAGH! MUVVER!

THIS WEEK
THE GHOUL FROM THE POOL!
SHRIEK
MOW

THIS IS SMASHING FUN! I'LL GET MY PET SPIDER TO THROW SOME SHADOWS NOW! HEE! HEE!
RIGHT, SIR CASHE! A HUNDRED THOUSAND QUID - OR ELSE!

BACK IN TOWN...
D-DON'T SHOOT! D-DON'T SHOOT! I'LL PAY!

AAAAAAGH!

COME NOW! IT WASN'T REAL! YOU CAN FORGET ALL ABOUT IT IN A NICE CLEAN CELL!
GIBBER GIBBER!
GOSH! I MUST REWARD THE BLOKE WHO MADE THAT SHADOW! SAVED ME A FORTUNE!

NEXT DAY...
BAH! BLINKING SHADOWS! A WEATHER MAN DROPPED ALL THIS REWARD MONEY BY HELICOPTER! I'M NOT BROKE ANY MORE! NOW I WON'T GET MY HANDS ON GRANNIE'S MILLION POUNDS!

THE HULK "BANISHED TO OUTER SPACE"

MORE OVER THE PAGE...

OUT THERE, ON THE LAUNCHING PAD, IS AMERICA'S NEWEST, MOST IMPORTANT MISSILE! IT MUST BE TESTED! BUT THERE ISN'T A MAN LIVING WHO COULD STAND THE FORCE OF ITS G-PULL -- EXCEPT THE HULK!
WE WANT THE HULK TO RIDE THAT ROCKET, IN THE INTERESTS OF NATIONAL SECURITY! NO ONE ELSE CAN DO IT! NOW, WHAT DO YOU SAY?
A SILENCE SO THICK THAT IT CAN ALMOST BE CUT DESCENDS UPON THE ROOM; AS THE SULLEN TEEN-AGER MAKES HIS DECISION...
IF IT'S SOMETHING THAT OUR COUNTRY NEEDS, HOW CAN I REFUSE? I--I'VE GOT TO BRING THE HULK HERE--IF I CAN!
AND SO, A SHORT TIME LATER... AFTER CONVINCING HIMSELF THAT THE TROOPS HAVE NOT FOLLOWED HIM, AND THAT THE SECRET OF THE HIDDEN CAVERN WILL REMAIN HIS SECRET, RICK JONES SETS OUT TO FREE THE HULK!
I COULDN'T EXPLAIN TO THEM THAT I CAN'T CONTROL THE HULK! WHEN HE GETS FREE, WHO KNOWS WHAT HE'LL DO?
SLOWLY, NERVOUSLY, THE TEEN-AGER RELEASES THE MIGHTY SHAFT WHICH HOLDS THE CONCRETE DOOR IN PLACE! BUT, EVEN BEFORE HE FINISHES...
THE POUNDING--IT'S GETTING LOUDER!
WITH A SURGE OF UNBELIEVABLE POWER, THE MIGHTIEST MAN-THING ON EARTH SHATTERS THE HALF-LOOSENED DOOR AS HE COMES THUNDERING OUT OF HIS DUNGEON!
I'M FREE!
YOU! BOY! YOU LOCKED ME IN CELL! YOU PAY FOR THAT NOW!
IF HE GETS A HOLD OF ME, I'M A GONER!
HE'S FOLLOWING ME! NOW IF I CAN JUST LEAD HIM TO THE MISSILE!
LUCKY FOR ME THAT THE HULK CAN'T MOVE TOO FAST!
REACHING THE INSTALLATION, THE HULK'S SHAMBLING FORM IS FOLLOWED EVERY STEP OF THE WAY BY TIGHT-LIPPED TROOPS WITH WEAPONS COCKED!
HIS MASSIVE FORM LUMBERING FORWARD LIKE A DREADNAUGHT, THE HULK BRUSHES ASIDE OBSTACLES WHICH STAND IN HIS WAY AS EASILY AS A MAN MIGHT BRUSH ASIDE A FLY!
GENERAL ROSS! HE'S COMING! THE LAD IS LEADING HIM STRAIGHT TOWARD THE MISSILE!
SO FAR SO GOOD!
4.
HE'S FOLLOWING ME UP THE GANTRY! IF I MAKE ONE FALSE MOVE NOW, IT'LL BE CURTAINS FOR ME!
I'LL LEAVE MY JACKET HERE AND THEN DUCK UNDER THE FRAMEWORK! THE HULK WILL THINK I'M IN THE CABIN!
IT WORKED! I--I SURE HOPE I DID THE RIGHT THING... BETRAYING HIM THIS WAY!

THE HULK IS IN THE CAPSULE, S.R.!
CONDITION GREEN! CLOSE CAPSULE! PREPARE TO LAUNCH!
AND, IN THE LONELY CABIN, A THOUGHT BEGINS TO PENETRATE THE HULK'S BROODING BRAIN, AS THE MIGHTY CREATURE REALIZES HE HAS BEEN TRAPPED!
BUT THERE IS NO TIME FOR ACTION, NO TIME FOR ESCAPE! WITHIN SECONDS, THE ROARING MISSILE IS ROCKETING INTO THE ATMOSPHERE...
...AND THEN PAST THE ATMOSPHERE, INTO ENDLESS SPACE!
WHILE, BACK AT THE CONTROL CENTRE..
WE'VE DONE IT! IT WORKED! IT'S THE END OF THE HULK! HE'LL NEVER RETURN ALIVE TO MENACE EARTH AGAIN!
SUDDENLY, AS THE SPEEDING SHIP HURTLES THROUGH THE SKY, THE CABIN IS BATHED IN THE WARM, BRIGHT LIGHT OF THE SUN!
SUNLIGHT! THE ONE ELEMENT THAT BRINGS ABOUT THE MOST ASTONISHING CHANGE ON EARTH--THE CHANGE OF THE HULK, BACK AGAIN INTO THE FORM OF DR. BRUCE BANNER!
WHERE AM I? WHA--WHAT HAPPENED?
BUT, BEFORE THE DAZED SCIENTIST CAN FULLY COME TO HIS SENSES, THE UNSHIELDED SPACE SHIP ENTERS A VAST RADIATION BELT...
AND ONCE AGAIN BRUCE BANNER'S BODY IS SUBJECTED TO THOSE MYSTERIOUS, POWERFUL RAYS ABOUT WHICH SO LITTLE IS TRULY KNOWN!
RAYS OF INTENSE RADIATION, WITH THE POWER TO EFFECT THE MOST FANTASTIC CHANGES UPON ANYTHING THAT LIVES! RAYS WHICH BATHE BRUCE BANNER'S BODY FOR SECONDS WHICH SEEM LIKE A LIFETIME!
AND THEN, FINALLY, THE TINY CAPSULE BREAKS THRU THE RADIO-ACTIVE BELT IN ITS UNDIMINISHING RACE AWAY FROM EARTH!
WHILE THOUSANDS OF FEET BELOW A TENSE TEEN-AGER SCANS THE SKIES, AS ONE NERVE-WRACKING THOUGHT REPEATS AND REPEATS IN HIS BRAIN:
DID I DO THE RIGHT THING?
WHAT IF I'VE DOOMED DR. BANNER?
RETURNING WEARILY TO CONTROL CENTRAL, RICK JONES ACCIDENTALLY OVERHEARS GENERAL ROSS..
WELL, WE'VE DONE IT! THAT'S THE END OF THE HULK!
LET'S HOPE SO, SIR! FOR IF HE EVER RETURNS, HE'LL BE SO FILLED WITH FURY THAT WE'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO STOP HIM!
WHA--??
DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE HULK RETURNING! THAT MISSILE IS ON A FLIGHT TO INFINITY--AND IT'S A ONE-WAY JOURNEY!
IT WAS A TRAP! THEY TRICKED ME! IT WAS THE ONLY WAY THEY COULD REMOVE THE MENACE OF THE HULK!
BUT I CAN'T LET THEM DO IT. THEY DON'T REALIZE THAT HE ISN'T REALLY JUST AN INHUMAN MONSTER. TO BE DESTROYED BY ANY MEANS--HE'S BRUCE BANNER--AND I'VE GOT TO SAVE HIM!
HERE'S THE MISSILE CONTROL PANEL! THIS IS MY CHANCE! NO ONE'S LOOKING!
CONTINUED AFTER THE NEXT TWO PAGES!

PeRcY's Pets

SAMMY, PERCY'S GIANT HAIRY SPIDER, IS HAVING HIS ANNUAL BATH. IMAGINE HAVING TO WASH **EIGHT LEGS!**

OH, DEAR! I'VE WASHED MY HAIR AND NOW I CAN'T DO A THING WITH IT!

HEH! HEH! I'LL PINCH SOME OF PERCY'S MUM'S HAIR-SETTING LOTION!

SETTING LOTION

FACE CREAM

EEEK! IT'S PERCY'S HORRIBLE SPIDER!

HELP!

CRASH!

GULP! MUM'S SO ANGRY, SHE'S FORGOTTEN SHE'S MEANT TO BE SCARED OF ME! I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE—FAST!

GRRRR! I'LL FLATTEN THAT HORRIBLE HAIRY HORROR!

I'LL HIDE UP DAD'S HAIRY LEG!

IT'S HORRIBLE! SOMETHING'S UP MY TROUSERS!

PHEW! THAT WAS SOME CLIMB!

SAVE ME, PERCY, OLD PAL!

?

HELP! IT MUST HAVE BEEN THAT HAIR-SETTING LOTION—IT'S SET MY HAIRS AS STIFF AS **NEEDLES!**

OW-OUCH!

AAAAGH!

STAB!

BANG!

OH, NO! SAMMY'S BURST COUSIN CLARENCE'S BALLOON NOW!

STAB!

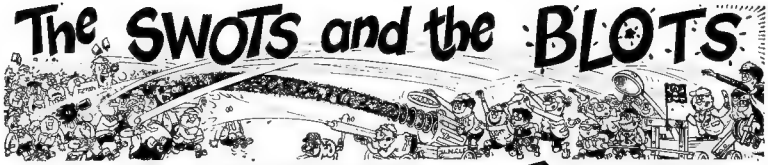
FASTER, PERCY! FASTER!

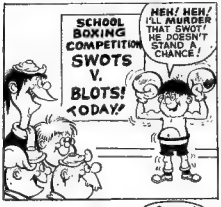
COME BACK!

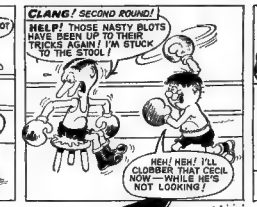
COME BACK!

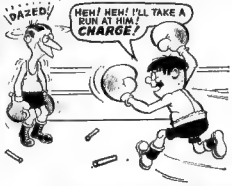
DO YOU READERS HAVE THIS TROUBLE EVERY TIME YOU WASH **YOUR** HAIR? IT'S A GOOD JOB IT'S ONLY ONCE A YEAR! GULP!

The SWOTS and the BLOTS









AT THAT SPLIT-SECOND, JUST AS RICK JONES TOUCHES THE CONTROL SWITCH, THE UNBELIEVABLE AMOUNT OF RADIATION WHICH THE SHIP HAS ABSORBED CAUSES A SHOCK TO TRAVEL THE MANY MANY MILES BACK TO EARTH - AN ELECTRIC SHOCK WHICH WILL LINK THE HULK AND RICK JONES MORE CLOSELY TOGETHER THAN EVER BEFORE
OWW!
THEN, THE DEED IS DONE!. THE SHOCK IS GONE, AND DUE TO THE SWITCH BEING PULLED, THE ROCKET PACKAGE DROPS AWAY FROM THE MISSILE AND THE CAPSULE PLUMMETS BACK TO EARTH!
I'VE DONE IT! I'VE BROUGHT THE MISSILE BACK! THE AUTOMATIC CHUTE IS OPENING! BUT-- IT'S STILL FALLING TOO FAST!
IT'S DAYLIGHT NOW! BRUCE BANNER WILL BE IN THE CAPSULE, INSTEAD OF THE HULK! HE'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO SURVIVE A CRASH LANDING! GASP! IT'S TOO LATE!
CRASH!
I'VE KILLED HIM! I'VE KILLED THE ONLY REAL FRIEND I'VE EVER HAD! NO HUMAN BEING COULD HAVE LIVED THROUGH THAT CRASH! I'VE KILLED HIM!
BUT, AT THAT MOMENT--
THE HULK! NOW?? NOW??
IT-IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! YOU CAN'T BE THE HULK IN DAYLIGHT! YOU SHOULD HAVE CHANGED TO DR. BANNER BY NOW! WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU UP THERE?? WHY-WHY ARE YOU GLOWING THAT WAY???
AS EFFORTLESSLY AS A MAN WOULD LIFT A CARDBOARD BOX, THE MIGHTY HULK LIFTS THE WRECKED SPACE CAPSULE, AND...
YOUR FAULT! ALL YOUR FAULT!
I GOTTA RUN! GOTTA GET AWAY!
HE'S MORE DANGEROUS THAN EVER NOW!
LONG, FRANTIC MOMENTS LATER...
I-I CAN RUN FASTER THAN HIM, BUT I-I'M GETTIN' TIRED! THE HULK NEVER GETS TIRED! HE-HE CAN GO ON FOREVER!
I'M SUNK! NO PLACE ELSE TO RUN!
NOW-- REVENGE!!!
NO! NO!
STAY BACK! PLEASE-- STOP! -- HUH? HE-HE STOPPED!

HE'S STANDING STILL --MOTIONLESS! I--I SAID STOP AND HE STOPPED!

HE'S STANDING THERE, ALMOST LIKE A ROBOT! AS THOUGH AWAITING MY NEXT COMMAND! I'VE GOT TO TEST HIM!

YOUR HAND, HULK--RAISE YOUR HAND!

NOW SIT DOWN! THAT'S IT--SIT!

IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! BUT IT'S TRUE! HE OBEYS ME! MY EVERY COMMAND!

BEND DOWN NOW, HULK! I NEED A LIFT DOWN THE MOUNTAIN! THAT'S IT--BEND!

WHAT COULD HAVE CAUSED IT?? WHAT... WAIT! I KNOW! THAT SHOCK WHEN I PULLED THE SWITCH! THAT WAS IT!

SOMEHOW, IN SOME WAY I'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND, A CURRENT RAN FROM THE HULK, IN THE CAPSULE TO ME DOWN AT THE GROUND! MAYBE IT HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE RADIATION BELT UP THERE!
BUT, WHATEVER IT WAS, IT'S MADE THE HULK MY SERVANT! I'M HIS MASTER --ME, RICK JONES, MASTER OF THE MIGHTIEST CREATURE ON EARTH!

BUT WHAT ABOUT DR. BANNER? WHEN WILL HE CHANGE BACK TO HIS TRUE SELF?? OR--WILL HE EVER CHANGE BACK??
THERE'S MY CABIN! I'VE GOT TO THINK THIS OUT--GOT TO FIGURE OUT WHAT TO DO NEXT!

STAY THERE, HULK, WHILE I GET SOME SLEEP! DON'T MOVE --UNDERSTAND? DON'T MOVE!

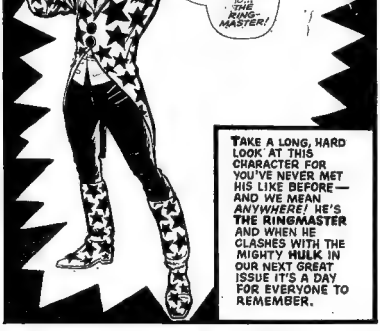
BUT, A FEW MINUTES LATER, RICK AWAKENS WITH A START...
I HEARD SOMETHING! HEY! THE HULK! HE'S GONE!

IT IS AN EASY MATTER FOR THE BOY TO FOLLOW THE HULK'S TRAIL--AN AWESOME TRAIL LEADING STRAIGHT INTO TOWN!
MY CONTROL OVER HIM MUST END WHEN I FALL ASLEEP! HE ONLY OBEYS ME WHEN I'M AWAKE! BUT NOW I'VE GOT TO GET TO HIM, BEFORE HE RUNS AMOK!

I'M JUST IN TIME! THERE HE IS! HE'S GOING ON A RAMPAGE!

WHAT'LL I DO?? I CAN'T GET CLOSE ENOUGH TO HIM! HE CAN'T HEAR ME!

AND THEN, THE HEAVILY ARMED STATE TROOPERS APPEAR ON THE SCENE, BUT EVEN THEIR AUTOMATIC FIREARMS CANNOT HALT THE MIGHTY HULK!
WE'RE FORCING HIM BACK!
YEAH, BUT WE'RE NOT HURTIN' HIM! WHAT HAPPENS WHEN WE RUN OUT OF AMMO??
POW! POW! POW! POW!
TURN THE PAGE - QUICKLY!



Be a SMASHER—write to SMASH!

PSST! Want to know a secret? We're not supposed to tell anyone about it yet—but, since we like you, we'll let you in on it. Gather round, you Smiling Smashers, while we reveal the comic scoop of the century. Guess who's going to be swooping through the pages of SMASH in the near future? Why none other than that sensation of the age—THE BATMAN! For weeks now, long nail-biting conversations have been taking place between us here and the bat cave in the U.S.A. You can't guess how tense it's been.

Would the Batman say yes? Would one of those other brand X comics find out what we were pulling off? Could we afford to pay the Batman the sort of price he's been used to?

Finally we won through. At enormous expense and tremendous trouble we got the Batman and Robin to agree to appear every week in SMASH and in no other British comic. So you see, we really mean it when we say nothing's too good for you Smiling Smashers.

* * *

Dear Smash,

I'm writing this because I wanted to see my name in print if you put it in the paper.

The story I like best is Brian's Brain.

Colin Wendell,
Huddersfield.

Anything to oblige, Colin.

Dear Alf and Cos,

I've never written to a comic before but I wanted to know if you are real or if you are just made up.

Ronald Turner,
Leicester

The only person made up in the office is the typist— and it doesn't half come off when we kiss her. We just pinched ourselves and it hurt, so that must mean we really are real, Ron.

* * *

Dear Alf and Cos,

I like Smash because there are a lot of things in it that make me laugh. And the stories are exciting. I like the Rollo Stones story because it is creepy.

John Sprackling,
Matlock,
Derbyshire.

So you think the Rollo Stones story is creepy? You haven't seen anything yet, John. The things that are going to happen to Rollo soon shouldn't happen to your worst enemies. Keep buying SMASH and you'll see what we mean!

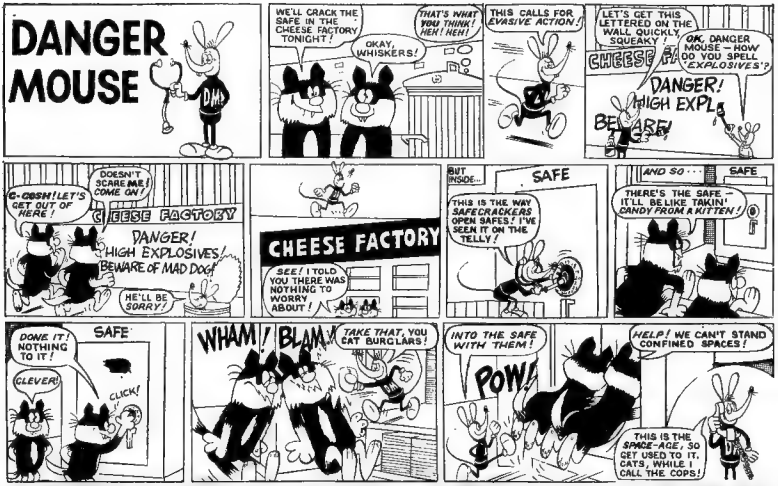
* * *

Dear Smash,

I've had SMASH since it first came out and my brother reads it as well. We're looking forward to the Hulk stories because they sound thrilling.

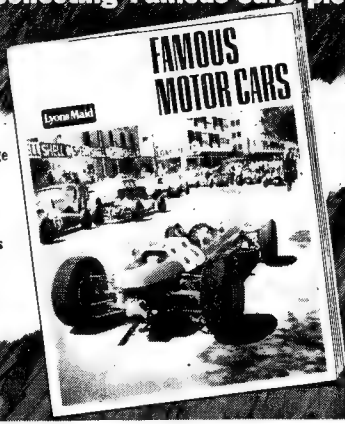
Sidney Catlard,
Bristol

By the time this letter is published you will have met THE HULK, Sid. But you're not disappointed. Write and tell us what you think of him.



Get this great Zoom Album

and start collecting 'Famous Cars' picture cards



Post the coupon, with a 1/- postal order, for the 14-page Zoom Picture Card Album. Be first to collect the fabulous series of full-colour picture cards of Famous Cars. There's one FREE with every Zoom iced lolly! P.S. Look for the exciting quiz at the back of the album.

ZOOM

In 3 exciting flavours: Raspberry, Pineapple, Lime – at this sign.

Lyons Maid

To get your Zoom Album just post this coupon together with a 1/- postal order to, 'Car Album', Lyons Maid Ltd, Glacier House, Hammersmith Grove, W6

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

_____

SC. 2.

THE TELLYBUGS
OH, BOY! IT'S MAIGRET!
GOODO!
INSIDE THE TELLY...
HUH, I DON'T WANT TO SEE MAIGRET. I WANT TO SEE WHAT'S ON THE OTHER CHANNEL MAIGRET'S THE SAME EVERY WEEK!
QUIET, YOU— GO AND WASH YOUR SOCKS — WE DON'T WANT A SMELLY TELLY!
HEE! HEE! I'LL MAKE SOME SHREDDED SOCKS — I'LL SHOW THEM THAT MAIGRET IS NO MATCH FOR ME!
PRIME MINCED SOCKS.
NOTHING TO IT! ALL HE EVER DOES IS STRIKE A MATCH ON A WALL...
...AND LIGHTS HIS PIPE. ANYBODY CAN DO THAT!
HELP! WHO'S SMOKING OLD SOCKS?
I AM— I'M SMOKING OLD SOCKS — MY OWN! HEH-HEH!
HELP! WHERE IS HE? WE CAN'T SEE HIM FOR THE SMOKE!
HELP! THE TV'S ON FIRE— SWITCH TO THE OTHER CHANNEL OR SOMETHING!
TEE-HEE! THEY'VE SWITCHED CHANNELS — I'LL PUT MY PIPE OUT NOW!
HISS-SS
GOSH, THAT'S FUNNY— THERE'S NO SMOKE NOW WE'VE SWITCHED TO THE OTHER CHANNEL — WE'D BETTER STAY ON THIS CHANNEL — IT'LL BE SAFER!
YIPPEE! "PICK OF THE HITS" SING UP, DUSTY— YOU'RE DISHY — I'D RATHER LOOK AT YOU THAN OLD MAIGRET — HO, HO!
BAH! HE ALWAYS GETS HIS OWN WAY!

Win this for your Mum and choose prizes of your own

15 or under? Then win any of 1,030 prizes in OUTSPAN'S "Orange Tree" Contest. 30 1st prizes: Plus an Electrolux Dishmaid Dishwasher for each Mum! As a winner, anything in the OUTSPAN catalogue is yours. Super prizes (up to £25 in value) e.g. a bicycle, typewriter, camping equipment or even a boat. You choose whatever you'd like to have most.

250 2nd prizes: Like a painting set, air rifle, doll's house or a drum? Anything up to the value of £5 - there are simply dozens of prizes to choose from.

750 consolation prizes: So almost everyone wins something. Each a £1 Premium Bond which gives you the chance of 'collecting' £25,000. Can you imagine . . .

Here's how to win: It's easy and it's fun. You see all OUTSPAN oranges are very special ones, but growing on this OUTSPAN tree are some *extra-special* oranges with letters on them.

You have to pick just eight to complete the eight words in the panel beside the tree. One letter is missing from each word.

Just read each clue, then pick from the tree one letter that will make a word which you think gives the best answer to the clue.

For example you may decide to pick the letter K to make CAKE your answer to the first clue. If you do, print the letter K *only* alongside the first word in the "1st Try" column of your entry form. Then pick seven more letters from the tree to make the best answers to the other seven clues and print them in the same column on the form. All entries must be made in BALLPOINT.

Cross off the letters on the tree as you use them—because no letter given can be used more than once!

When you've completed the "1st Try" column, you can if you wish, make extra attempts in the other "Try" columns. If you enter six columns, you can have a FREE extra try in the seventh column.

How to enter: Ask your Mother to buy OUTSPAN oranges or grapefruit. You can enter this competition as soon as you have enough pieces of peel on which the word OUTSPAN has been printed.

Send one piece of peel (it must have OUTSPAN on it) for each "Try" column you enter. For six entries send six pieces of peel.

Note: Pieces of peel must be cut out neatly and wrapped in paper before being enclosed with your entry form!

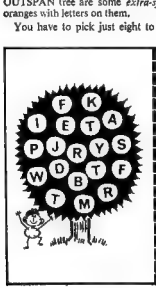
How to send in your entry form: When you have filled in as many "Try" columns as you wish to enter, there is one more thing to do. Finish off in your best writing or printing the sentence which begins: AN OUTSPAN ORANGE IS SO GOOD TO EAT BECAUSE . . . . . .

You are allowed to add up to 10 words of your own.

RULES

1. Contest open to all children of 15 and under (by closing date) who live in U.K., except children of employees of OUTSPAN, their advertising agents, or anyone directly connected with the contest.
2. The thirty 1st prizes will be awarded to the thirty competitors, who, in the Judges' opinion, have submitted the best and most accurate answers to the eight clues. Other prizes, in order of merit, to attempts judged next best.
3. In the event of ties, judges will award prizes to the competitors who best finish the sentence on the entry form, age and general neatness being fully considered.
4. Judges' decision final and legally binding. No correspondence allowed.
5. Closing date is 21st September, 1966. All winners will be notified by post not later than 21st October, 1966.
6. The address for entries is: **OUTSPAN "ORANGE TREE" CONTEST, 18-20 St. Andrew Street, London, E.C.4. (Comp.)**

Note: For full rules or extra entry forms for this contest, apply by post to the competition address given in Rule 6. Mark the envelope "Entry Form" and enclose a stamped, addressed envelope.



ENTRY FORM FOR OUTSPAN "ORANGE TREE" CONTEST
Print eight letters only in each "Try" column you enter
Use ballpoint only on this Entry Form

COMPLETE THE WORDS BELOW		1st Try	2nd Try	3rd Try	4th Try	5th Try	6th Try	Free Try
This would make you think of something nice.	CA?E							
Boys and girls know it's ever so easy to ——— water.	SP?LL							
A boy isn't likely to worry a lot if he ——— an old pair of jeans slip on.	?EARS							
A little ——— in class may make teacher rather cross.	?EST							
Lucky children who have a ——— can have lots of fun.	PON?							
The neater you are, the better you will ———	P?INT							
One of the attractions at many seaside resorts.	?ANDS							
Clever boy or girl might be able to ——— a good picture with a camera.	?AKE							

THIS ENTRY IS ALL MY OWN WORK

Neatly finish off this sentence with not more than 10 words of your own:
AN OUTSPAN ORANGE IS SO GOOD TO EAT BECAUSE . . . . . .

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

Please give details below in very neat BLOCK LETTERS

CHRISTIAN NAME . . . . . SURNAME . . . . . .

MY AGE IS . . . . . YEARS . . . . . MONTHS

ADDRESS . . . . . .

. . . . . .

TOWN . . . . . COUNTY . . . . . .

*RETAILER'S NAME . . . . . .

RETAILER'S ADDRESS . . . . . .

. . . . . .

*The Retailer is the shop where you bought your OUTSPAN

THE GHOST PATROL

THE GHOST PATROL HAS BEEN SENT BACK TO THE YEAR 1,000 B.C. BY A TIME-MACHINE. IN AN ANCIENT EGYPTIAN TEMPLE, THE PATROL EXAMINES SOME STRANGE 'RELICS' — AND FINDS THAT ONE OF THEM MAKES A MAN TRANSPARENT...

GOSH! THE MAN WHO USED ALL THESE DEVICES WOULD BE **UNBEATABLE!**

I WONDER WHERE THEY CAME FROM?

PERHAPS I CAN ANSWER THAT QUESTION...

FROM THE SOUND OF THINGS, HE COULD HAVE BEEN A SPACE-TRAVELLER FROM ANOTHER WORLD!

THAT WOULD EXPLAIN THE RELICS! THE EGYPTIANS REGARD THEM AS MAGIC - BUT THEY'RE REALLY JUST GADGETS OF A VERY ADVANCED KIND!

ERHART, THE PATROL'S NAZI PRISONER, HAD BEEN HIDING BEHIND A PILLAR. HE WANTED TO GET HIS HANDS ON THE RELICS. NOW HE SLUNK OFF TOWARDS THE TEMPLE ENTRANCE...

WHAT I MUST DO IS SET UP A DIVERSION AND GET THEM AWAY FROM THE ALTAR. MAYBE I CAN GET HOLD OF THEIR TANK AGAIN!

PHARAOH'S SOLDIERS DRAGGED IT TO THE TEMPLE GATES.

THE PRIEST WAS SPEAKING IN EGYPTIAN, BUT JOCK UNDERSTOOD HIM BECAUSE OF THE LANGUAGE **TRANSLATOR** HE WAS WEARING...

...WE WERE TOLD THEY WERE FROM ATLANTIS! MANY YEARS AGO, A MAN CAME OUT OF THE SKY IN A SHIP THAT BREATHED FIRE! HE SAID THAT HIS HOME WAS SOMEWHERE AMONG THE STARS!

ERHART CAME OUT OF THE TEMPLE, PAST PHARAOH AND HIS MEN, WHO WERE STILL PARALYSED AFTER CORNY'S FLASH-GUN HAD BEEN TURNED ON THEM.

AH! THE TANK'S STILL THERE!

ERHART CLAMBERED INTO THE TANK, AND THE ENGINES THUNDERED INTO LIFE!

NOW I'LL DRIVE THESE ENGLISH DOGS BEFORE ME - AND SEIZE THEIR AMAZING DEVICES!

AS THE NOISE OF THE TANK ENGINES ECHOED THROUGH THE TEMPLE

LISTEN, SARGE - IT'S THE TANK!

WELL, THAT'S THE SHIELD SWITCHED OFF AND, PRESTO, I'M SOLID AGAIN!

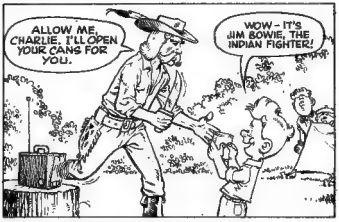
THE SERGEANT RAN ACROSS THE TEMPLE, FOLLOWED BY THE OTHERS...

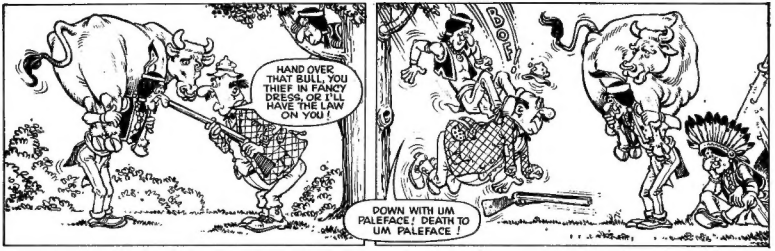
ONLY *ERHART* WOULD KNOW HOW TO GET THE TANK GOING! HE MUST HAVE SLIPPED AWAY FROM HIS EGYPTIAN GUARDS!

THE ESCAPED NAZI WAS DRIVING THE TANK STRAIGHT AT THE TEMPLE – AND IN HIS PATH WERE THE HELPLESS PHARAOH AND HIS SOLDIERS!
HE'S GOING TO CHARGE OVER THE EGYPTIANS – AND THEY CAN'T MOVE A MUSCLE!
THERE'S SOMETHING I CAN DO, LADS!
WITH A FLICK OF THE SWITCH, SERGEANT JOE TURNED ON THE SHIELD AGAIN – AND BECAME A GHOSTLY FIGURE.
EVEN BULLETS WON'T STOP ME NOW!
JOE FLUNG HIMSELF AT THE TANK – PASSING INTO THE SOLID METAL!
SUDDENLY ERHART HAD THE FRIGHT OF HIS LIFE!
RIGHT, ERHART! THE GAME'S UP!
YEEAGH!
BUT JOE HAD FORGOTTEN TO TURN OFF THE SHIELD AND, AS HE GRABBED AT ERHART, HIS HAND WENT THROUGH HIM! STOPPING THE TANK, ERHART DIVED FOR THE HATCH...
DONNER UND BLITZEN!
BUT THERE WAS NO ESCAPE FOR ERHART! THE PATROL WAS WAITING ROUND THE MOTIONLESS TANK!
THE FIRST MAN TO TOUCH ME DIES!
LIKE A CORNERED WOLF, THE NAZI HURLED HIMSELF FROM THE HATCH – STRAIGHT AT PADDY...
THEY ROLLED OVER AND OVER, STRUGGLING FIERCELY – AND ERHART'S CLUTCHING HANDS TORE AT THE TIME-MACHINE STRAPPED TO PADDY'S CHEST!
YOU FOOL, ERHART – DON'T TOUCH THAT!
I'LL SEND YOU ALL INTO INFINITY!
NEXT WEEK: ONE MAN AGAINST THE ROMAN LEGIONS!

Charlie's Choice

THE TV SET WITH A DIFFERENCE



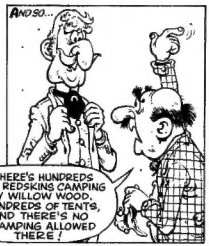

HAND OVER THAT BULL, YOU THIEF IN FANCY DRESS, OR I'LL HAVE THE LAW ON YOU!
BOOL
DOWN WITH UM PALEFACE! DEATH TO UM PALEFACE!

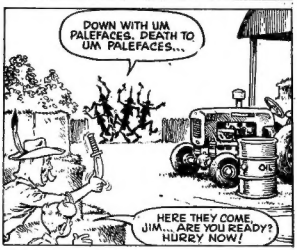
NOW LOOK WHAT'S HAPPENED!
WALLAH, WALLAH, OOMBAH!
YOU'LL HAVE TO DO SOMETHING, JIM. YOU'RE A FAMOUS INDIAN FIGHTER – WE CAN'T LET THEM BURN THAT GAMEKEEPER!
LEAVE IT TO ME, CHARLIE – I'LL FREE THE OLD RASCAL!

PSST! NOT A SOUND – I'LL GET YOU FREE!

?

HELP-UM-PALEFACE HAS ESCAPED. AFTER THEM!
WAIT TILL I TELL THE GUV'NOR ABOUT THIS – HE'LL HAVE THEIR SCALPS!


AND SO...
THERE'S HUNDREDS OF REDSKINS CAMPING BY WILLOW WOOD. HUNDREDS OF TENTS, AND THERE'S NO CAMPING ALLOWED THERE!


DOWN WITH UM PALEFACES. DEATH TO UM PALEFACES...
OIL
HERE THEY COME JIM... ARE YOU READY? HURRY NOW!

UM... AAAH – UM – HELP! I'M.. SLIPPING!
OIL

THAT'S THE IDEA! BACK YOU GO, BACK INTO THE TELLY WHERE YOU CAN'T GET INTO ANY MORE MISCHIEF!

B-B-BUT COLONEL, I TELL YOU – THERE WERE HUNDREDS OF TENTS HERE. I WASN'T DREAMING IT!
YOU LAZY FOOL! YOU'VE BEEN DAY-DREAMING ON THE JOB! GET BACK TO YOUR WORK!
OH, BOY! WHAT A DAY! GOOD OL' CHARLIE – THIS IS THE BEST DAY'S CAMPING WE'VE EVER HAD!

THE NERVS

HUH—FATTY NEVER CLEANS HIS TEETH. WE ALWAYS HAVE TO PICK OUT THE BITS OF GRUB AND GOBSTOPPERS FROM THEM.—IT ISN'T FAIR!
STAB!
STAB!

OOH—OOOH! MY TOOTH'S ACHING LIKE MAD!
STAB!
STAB!

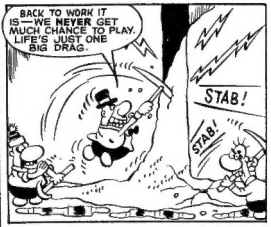
I'LL CRUNCH UP SOME ASPIRIN ON IT—THAT USUALLY STOPS THE PAIN...

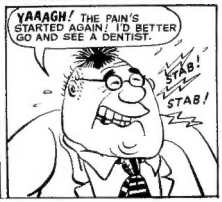
AND AS FATTY'S TEETH CRUNCH UP THE ASPIRIN...
YIPPEE—IT'S SNOWING! LET'S HAVE SOME FUN—WE CAN WORK LATER.

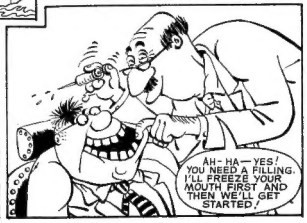
SPLOSH!
YIPPEE—THIS IS GREAT FUN—JUST LIKE WINTER!
GOOD OLD FATTY!
ASPIRIN MAKES SMASHING SNOW!

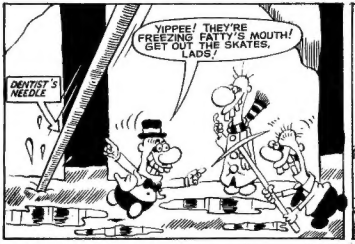
GOSH—THAT ASPIRIN DID THE TRICK—THE PAIN'S STOPPED NOW.

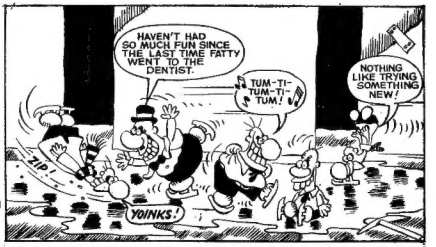
THE SNOW'S MELTING—WE'LL HAVE TO GET BACK TO WORK.

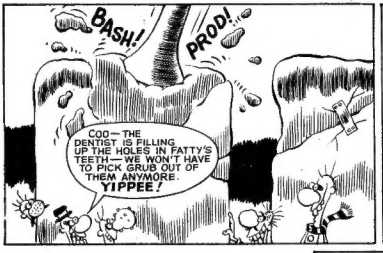

BACK TO WORK IT IS—WE NEVER GET MUCH CHANCE TO PLAY. LIFE'S JUST ONE BIG DRAG.
STAB!
STAB!


YAAAGH! THE PAIN'S STARTED AGAIN! I'D BETTER GO AND SEE A DENTIST.
STAB!
STAB!


AH-HA—YES! YOU NEED A FILLING. I'LL FREEZE YOUR MOUTH FIRST AND THEN WE'LL GET STARTED.

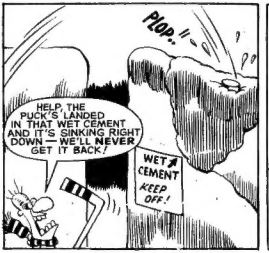

DENTIST'S NEEDLE
YIPPEE! THEY'RE FREEZING FATTY'S MOUTH! GET OUT THE SKATES, LADS!

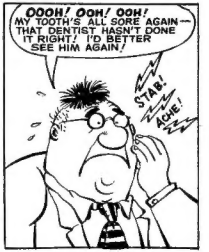

HAVEN'T HAD SO MUCH FUN SINCE THE LAST TIME FATTY WENT TO THE DENTIST.
TUM-TI-TUM-TI-TUM!
NOTHING LIKE TRYING SOMETHING NEW!
ZIP
YOINKS!


BASH!
PROD!
COO— THE DENTIST IS FILLING UP THE HOLES IN FATTY'S TEETH—WE WON'T HAVE TO PICK GRUB OUT OF THEM ANYMORE. YIPPEE!

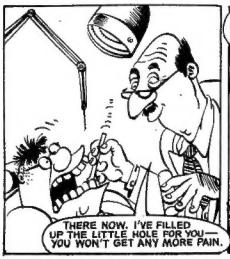
IT'S STILL FROZEN OVER—WE'LL HAVE A GAME OF ICE HOCKEY NOW!
LET'S HOPE THE FREEZING DOESN'T WEAR OFF TOO QUICKLY THIS TIME—WE LIKE ICE HOCKEY!
POW!

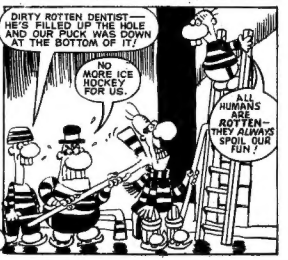
COO! THAT ONE WENT A BIT HIGH!
YOU CLOT — NOW WE'LL HAVE TO GO AND FETCH IT!
CRACK!


PLOP.
HELP, THE PUCK'S LANDED IN THAT WET CEMENT AND IT'S SINKING RIGHT DOWN—WE'LL NEVER GET IT BACK!
WET CEMENT KEEP OFF!


OOOH! OOH! OOH! MY TOOTH'S ALL SORE AGAIN—THAT DENTIST HASN'T DONE IT RIGHT! I'D BETTER SEE HIM AGAIN!
STAB!
ACHE!

THERE'S A TINY LITTLE HOLE IN THE FILLING—I DON'T KNOW HOW IT GOT THERE BUT IT'S LETTING THE AIR IN AND MAKING YOUR TOOTH HURT—IT HAPPENS QUITE OFTEN...


THERE NOW. I'VE FILLED UP THE LITTLE HOLE FOR YOU—YOU WON'T GET ANY MORE PAIN.


DIRTY ROTTEN DENTIST—HE'S FILLED UP THE HOLE AND OUR PUCK WAS DOWN AT THE BOTTOM OF IT!
NO MORE ICE HOCKEY FOR US.
ALL HUMANS ARE ROTTEN—THEY ALWAYS SPOIL OUR FUN!

GRIMLY FEENDISH

THE ROTTENEST CROOK IN THE WORLD!

HELLO, FOLKS! I'M GRIMLY FEENDISH!

AND HE'S HORRIBLE! UGH!!

HUH! WE'LL NEVER GET RICH AT THIS RATE! BUT I KNOW HOW TO MAKE THEM BUY OUR LEMONADE...

I'M NOT EVEN THIRSTY!

LEMONADE 1¢ GLASS

GOODO! SALT! JUST WHAT I NEED!

SALT FACTORY

ALLOW ME TO RELIEVE YOU OF YOUR LOAD!

JUMP!

TRIP!

CLUNK!

YOU GOT HIM, UNCLE GRIMLY!

AH! THE WATER-WORKS. I'LL SOON DUMP THIS SALT!

WATER WORKS

THIS WILL GIVE EVERYONE A RAGING THIRST!

WATER OUTLET

SPLOSH!

WITHIN SECONDS...

THIS WATER TASTES SALTY...

AAGH! MY THROAT'S AS DRY AS A BONE!

MINE TOO!

GURGLE! I'M DYING!

GLUP!

THAT TAP WATER DRIED ME UP! GASP!

GULP!

MY MOUTH IS LIKE A DESERT!

LEMONADE! GASP! SAVE ME! I'LL HAVE TEN GLASSES!

LEMONADE 2¢ GLASS!

SNIGGER!

GUZZLE!

GULP!

GIVE ME MORE!

WE'RE RUNNING OUT OF LEMONADE! GO AND GET SOME MORE!

RIGHTO!

HEE! HEE! THE LITTLE FOOLS HAVE FORGOTTEN THE WATER IS SALTY!

SOON HAVE SOME MORE LEMONADE!

PUBLIC TAP

HERE YOU ARE, SIR!

GIMME! GIMME!

GROOCH!

GULP!

CHEAT!

URGLE!

YOUR LEMONADE'S AS SALTY AS THE WATER!

BAH! YOU LITTLE TWITS! IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT!

GRR! GIVE US OUR MONEY BACK!

BONK!

WE WERE ONLY TRYING TO HELP!

BONK!